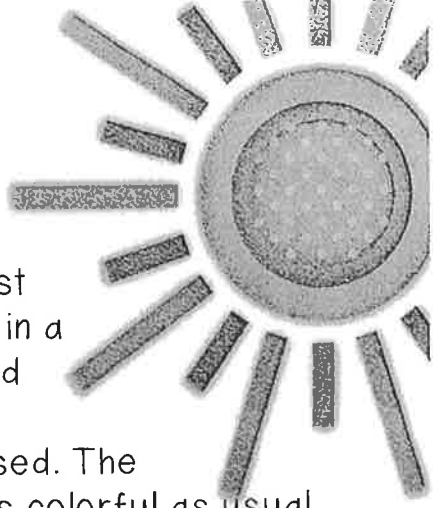





Grandma's Garden



The townspeople say Grandma's flowers were the most exquisite flowers in the entire world! It was only once in a blue moon that the flowers did not bloom. Grandpa used to tell me all about her work. He would say, "The rose bushes seemed to spread their petals as visitors passed. The purple petunias sat mocking the irises that were not as colorful as usual. Towering above the other plants, the sunflowers were a fence protecting the geraniums. Stooping to the ground, Sarah [grandma] would smell the sweet, scarlet flowers. When people gawked at her garden there was little noise and Grandma would stand as proud as a peacock. Occasionally, a bee's buzzing would break the silence and then, the giggles of children would echo through the neighborhood."



As he continued, Grandpa's face would change. Instead of recalling fond memories, his face would become sad as he remembered the day Grandma's heart was broken.

"At that time there were lots of children in the neighborhood and they loved racing down our long street. On the last day of summer, the children were having their final race. The winner would become the best runner of the summer. So focused on winning the race, the children sprawled out all over the road and into people's yards. That's when it happened. The neighborhood children came barreling towards Grandma's flowers. Grandma's eyes filled with tears as she watched the children trample her beautiful daises. Her heart was heavy with sadness, and the roses wept for their smashed friends. With most of her flowers folded over, only time would tell if the flowers would survive."

